

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2351.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. & L. W. CRANT.

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WITHERED ROSES.

Withered rose-leaves in an urn—

Wherever you glance turn,

Time old graves uncover,

Many a daisy, perfume gone,

Has long cold once warmly wove,

Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the many hearts, now cold,

Ah! the many hearts, now cold,

With their memories sweet and old,

As I bend above, I feel

A vague fragrance from them steal,

Like a memory tender.

Of their olden pleasant days,

When the sun's rich golden blaze

Kissed the cheeks to glory,

Ah! the pain these memories give!

Ah! the pain that one must live

When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the golden joy!

Of what we valued too

When its charm is broken?

Of the life when youth is o'er—

Of the path which comes no more,

Are these dunes the token.

When the sun has lost his light,

When the fall of winter's night

Our autumn-tide o'erclouds—

Call we then the memories sweet—

Of those vanished moments fleet—

As the youth's roses!

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FLYING FROM A FORTUNE.

Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham laid down

the telegram a servant had just presented

on a silver salver.

"Augusta! This is terrible! What can

possess the creature, and now of all

times? Your cousin, Peter Bellingham,

is actually coming to visit us—actually

coming to visit us!"

Mrs. Bellingham's tones were piteous

in their horrified despair, and she let

fall the yellow envelope that she held

the harbinger of the good news we

want, with a gesture of impatient anger.

Augusta Bellingham lifted her beautiful

straight brows in a horror of question-

ing. "Oh, mamma! Coming to visit us!

Surely there is some mistake! He never

would be so stupid as to come unless we

sent him an invitation."

Mrs. Bellingham picked up the tele-

gram again and read it through aloud:

"Will be at your house Tuesday for a

short visit. P. BELLINGHAM."

"What mistake can there possibly be?

No, it's directed plainly enough—Mrs.

De Bruse Bellingham, 838 5th avenue,

and it is signed plainly enough.

Child, what in the world shall we do? I

can't receive him. I never, never could

introduce him to our friends."

Augusta looked thoughtfully at the

carpet, and tapped one of her pretty

little feet.

Suddenly, she lifted up her long-lashed

eyes to her lady mother's face.

"Oh, mamma, I don't wonder you are

so nervous over it. What shall we do

about it? Why, it's to-day, this very

afternoon—he's to be here!"

"It seems as if fate had a particular

grudge against me!" she said piteously.

"When I married your papa, it was dis-

tinctly understood that I was not to be

troubled with any of his poor relations,

and before we had been keeping house

a year his grandfather died, and the old

lady had to come and make her home

with us, because De Bruse was able to

keep her. Then your aunt Adelaide

died, and De Bruse had to take Bessie

and bring her up. Well, I will confess

I have kept Bessie pretty well down, and

made her pay her way by helping me

with the sewing and children's music.

But now, it seems to me, this visit is

worse than all. He'll stay six weeks at

the least, I know!"

"Perhaps he won't be so terrible after

all, mamma. Couldn't you manage to

keep him in his room most of the time,

and let Bessie take care of him? It

would just suit her."

Mrs. Bellingham uttered a little shriek

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE.

of such an easy natural way out of our

dilemma! Child, you are a born diplo-

matist, do you know it?"

"I don't know that, mamma; but I do

know this one thing—I never wanted to

go to Long Branch so badly before, be-

cause—because—"

She blushed and hesitated.

"Yes, I know dear! A certain gentle-

man, who shall be nameless, is there,

or will be very shortly. Well, Augusta,

his rich and handsome, and—I wish

you success. Of course, we'll go! Ring

for Fanchon and have early lunch or-

dered. We only have about five hours to

get away."

"And at 7 o'clock that evening, Mrs.

De Bruse Bellingham and her lovely

daughter were eating their dinner in the

dining room of the Ocean House,

while the magnificent mansion on 5th

avenue was dark, silent, and deserted,

except for one maid-servant—faithful

old Hannah, who only staid for com-

pany's sake—and bright, cheery, pretty

little Bessie Bellingham, who had been

left in charge.

"It's just glorious to be here all

alone, monarch of all I survey, and

nothing special to do for ever so long.

I'll have time to practice, and time to

read, and time for delicious walks in

Central Park," said Bessie going up to

the pier glass and stopping to look at

herself, "and I think I shall fix up a lit-

tle and make believe it is my house, and

I am a rich grand lady like Aunt Helena,

or Cousin Augusta. Say, Bessie Bel-

lingham, have you any idea what an

awfully ordinary, old-fashioned, ugly

little wretch you are? You haven't any

frizzes, or any bangs, or a big back

comb, or anything but your pug nose,

and big mouth, and horrid red cheeks."

And Bessie stretched her mouth to its

widest capacity, failing to make it any

thinner but a fresh, sweet, fragrant,

kissable thing, with tiny, pretty teeth

behind, and distracting dimples be-

sides.

Just then a loud, hearty laugh rang

out almost behind her, and she started

in amazement and panic of terror to

see a tall handsome young fellow, in ir-

reproachable traveling suit of fashionable

cut and color, standing in the doorway,

carrying a light satchel in one hand and

holding his cane and hat in the other.

"Oh, mercy," Bessie exclaimed, flush-

ing more in girlish shame than fear, as

she saw the laughing blue eyes and the

amused smile on the handsome, gentle-

manly face.

Jessie's Love.

"Oh, dear me!" thought pretty little

Jessie Howard, holding her head to one

side like a meditative sparrow as she

stood beside the sitting room window.

"I'm sure poor Seth is a splendid fel-

low, but Harry is so handsome, with

his blue eyes and tawny mustache, that

I am at a loss how to decide. Aunt

Lydia declares that it is the easiest

thing in the world to accomplish, but,

for my part I think it is the most diffi-

cult task I ever encountered. How on

earth am I to find out whether my two

suitors love me or the fortune which

dear Aunt Lydia is going to leave me?

Why it sounds just like a chapter out of

a novel. I always did yearn to get

into a romantic scrape. I wonder if I'll

ever be able to solve my conundrum as

agreeably as the heroines of fiction al-

ways manage to do? It would be per-

fectly splendid if I could."

And clasping her little hands before

her she gazed dreamily out upon the

gloomy scene where the snow was fall-

ing silently and ceaselessly, covering all

with its feathery flakes.

The twilight was deepening, a cold,

death-like stillness reigned in the frosty

air and the scene looked gray and spec-

tral in the gathering gloom.

"It is almost five o'clock," she said to

herself, turning slowly away from the

window. "I must get supper ready

now. Oh, excuse me! I'll tell auntie just

what I intend to do, although I know

she'll say right away that I ought to

have poor Seth. Well, at any rate I'll

test my two lovers and then I'll be able

to decide."

She went into the large, old-fashioned

SIX CTS

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Try the great Spanish discovery which has NEVER FAILED. Send ONLY SIX CENTS to Dr. J. GUNDEL, New York. Beware of all imitations.

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CONTENT.

A low, roguish laugh and a smart-lap on his broad, manly shoulder caused Edward Mortimer to start out of that reverie which had held him spellbound for the last ten minutes, but the look of annoyance upon his handsome features vanished immediately he recognized his friend, Gerald Fuller.

The two young men were standing upon the broad piazza of the fashionable Mrs. Dargen's country residence, grouped just in front of the long casement window which afforded a glimpse of the illuminated drawing-rooms within.

"What the deuce are you up to, old fellow?" exclaimed Fuller, "mooning?"

"Not exactly, unless that exquisite creature yonder is the Queen of Night."

Gerald Fuller followed the rapt gaze of his friend until his eyes rested upon the graceful figure of a rarely beautiful woman, with a face calm and white as if graven from marble, her midnight hair braided away from the low, classic brow, her statuesque figure robed in the clinging folds of a snow-white *surah*. Her ornaments were a profusion of splendid diamonds that gleamed and scintillated like hoar frost in the gaslight.

"Who is she?" repeated Edward Mortimer, when for some reason or other his friend did not answer.

Gerald shuddered as though an icy blast had crossed him, and at last said in a low tone:

"That is the famous ice maiden."

"She is well named, Mortimer said, moodily; 'she looks as cold as ice.'"

"And as impenetrable as marble," Gerald added. "I pity the poor wretch who falls in love with her. She'll freeze and then cast him."

"What is her name?"

"Constance Vaughan."

"Will you introduce me?"

"With pleasure. Only, Ted, dear boy, beware!"

"Never fear for me."

"All right, then, come on."

So they were presented to each other, Edward Mortimer and Constance Vaughan, and when he flushed beneath her fixed, penetrating gaze, she turned paler than ever, and the diamonds in her jet black hair and upon her snow-white throat glinted frostily.

They were both guests of Mrs. Dargen, and for a fortnight of that eventful summer had thrown the pair constantly into each other's society, though it did not require two weeks to awaken Edward Mortimer to the fact that he had fallen hopelessly, helplessly in love with the beautiful ice maiden. Yet his passionate love did not seem to thaw her icy reserve; to be sure she was agreeable and even amiable, but all she did and said was accompanied by that soulless smile which was only to be likened to the sheen of moonlight upon trackless snow so far, so pure, but so cold. Had she been bitterly disappointed, crossed in love, or had her heart never vibrated to the divine passion?

Desperate, wholly enslaved, Edward Mortimer sought hourly for an opportunity to make known his passion, but found none. At last the last day of his visit drew nigh and the situation seemed desperate. Twilight however, found them alone together in the airy music-room, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, Mortimer placed himself at the piano.

"Do you play, Mr. Mortimer?" she asked where she stood by an open window gazing languidly upon the enchanting landscape.

"A little," he replied; "but I sing; shall I sing for you?"

"If you please" with the same cold indifference.

As his fingers softly gave the prelude, Mortimer was conscious that Miss Vaughan had turned sharply and was looking at him, and while he sang the first verse he felt that she was gazing towards him with the silent step of a specter.

Ere the first stanza was completed her hand fell convulsively upon his arm.

"Hush, hush!" she gasped; "in mercy, not another line!"

Her whole countenance had blanched and she staggered backward and sank fainting upon a couch. Mortimer was at her side in an instant and would have taken her hands but she waved him away.

"Miss Vaughan—Constance!" he cried but she interrupted him.

"Hush! let me speak," she said with a violent effort; "I see it all now; I did not dream it before. You love me. Oh, had I known this I would have warned you that my heart is frozen into eternal death. I cannot love."

"But I may hope?" he pleaded.

"Not there is no hope for you or any man living. Listen: I loved once and gave myself in marriage to a man who was not free to marry. He had a wife, a poor outraged creature who sought us out and shot him dead at my feet; we were left the altar. This man I loved, and he wooed me with the song you have just sung. You know all now, and I command you to leave me. No, no! Do not hesitate. If you have pity for me go at once."

And he went away, shuddered and horrified.

When next Edward Mortimer saw Constance Vaughan, she was lying in the robes of a nun, far away in the chapel of a French convent—dead.

For the few brief months that she had been in holy orders, they had called her Sister Constance, never the "Ice Maiden."

deal fire or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which are equivalent to no seat at all.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet bag from one weary arm to the other. I thought of my good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.

"Pray take this seat, ma'am," said I. "And let me put your parcels up in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, in an impatient *canto* voice.

"Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"

"It is my own business," I answered, brusquely, "to see that every lady is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel-cage ma'am—it'll go very well under the seat I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt but he never offered to take his feet off the opposite cushion, although the younger woman stood in the aisle uncomfortably swaying backward and forward with the motion of the car, until a woman beyond, observing the state of affairs drew a sleeping child into her lap, and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time my old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It is easy to see that you have a mother of your own at home, and you are in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for the person"—with a nod of her poke-bonnet in the direction of Mr. Hatfield—"if he's got a mother I can't say much for her bringing him up. Perhaps he may be old himself some day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I'm anxious for your good opinion, ma'am, I'll let you know," Mr. Hatfield retorted rather flippantly.

The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at this manner.

"Hatfield," said I, in a low tone, you might behave like a gentleman."

"So I will," he retorted with a shrug, "when I find myself in company that calls for such measures."

I said no more, but leaning up against the side of the door, prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible, until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way-station, and some descending passengers might make room for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train in full motion? Did you ever feel yourself swung backward and forward, bumping one of your prehistoric developments against one side of the car, and bringing the base of your spinal column against the top of a seat at the opposite end of a train? Did you ever grasp blindly at nothing for support?—Did you ever execute an involuntary "pas seul," by the way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see the two pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics? If so, you will know how to pity me during the hour and a half between B— and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellent smelling sherry; but the young lady sat as noiseless as a statue; fretful babies whimpered; old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lights flared like sickly moons overhead, and the shriek of the train as it flew through sleeping villages sounded like the yell of a fiery-throated demon.

"Stamford!" bawled the conductor.

At last I succeeded in dropping my weary and stiffened limbs into a seat, where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter; for I had been asleep on my legs once or twice, even in my former disadvantageous attitude, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses when we finally thundered into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central depot in New York.

Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a car before all the world of travellers should crowd into it, stumbled over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

"Oh, take care! You've knocked the squirrel cage over!" cried she.

"Confound the squirrel cage!" shouted Hatfield, gnashing his teeth, as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the furry pet up again, thereby completely blocking up his egress.

"Serves you right, Hatfield!" said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our lady advanced, flinging back her veil.

"Grandma," said she, "the carriage is waiting. I'll send Thomas for the parcels. Mr. Clifton, I am very much obliged to you for your politeness to my grandmother, who is unused to travelling. As to Mr. Hatfield—the less said about his courtesy the better." And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's cowed visage.

"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I had the least idea who you were—"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale.

"Thank—I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton, turning graciously to me, 'you'll call and see how grandma stands he

journey, to-morrow, won't you? Oh, thank you! the carriage is close by."

And to this day I believe that is the way I won my wife; for Clarence Hatfield was a brilliant, showy sort of fellow, who far outshone me in general society, and I think B— had been disposed rather to fancy him until that night. But she was disenchanted now for good and all. And Grandma Hale comes to see us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from Hale Farm.

A Daily Sold Master.

A well known singer and sporting gentleman in Philadelphia, a favorite with the Germans there, is the possessor of a very fine cane gun, and is very proud of his marksmanship therewith.

One day he was out in the neighborhood of Fairmount Park, shooting birds and whatever light game came in his way, when a rough-looking farmer sauntered up to where he was standing and began to eye his curious gun, having, probably, never seen one before.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the owner.

"Think on it! Well, it's a curious kind of a gun, anyhow. Pretty good at shooting," he asked, approaching him still nearer.

"First-rate, nothing better,"

"Don't look so," mused the swain.

"Oh, you can't always tell by the look of a cat how good she is at catching mice."

"Don't believe you can hit my hat at forty yards."

"Do you wish to try it?" asked the sport, thinking he would have a little fun with the countryman.

"I'll bet you can't hit my hat if I hang it on yonder tree," said he, pointing to a tree two or three rods away.

"What will you bet?"

"I'll bet five dollars," said the countryman.

"Done. Put up your money."

"I'm your pickle and here's my soap," said he, promptly producing a five dollar bill and handing it to me to cover the one my friend had just placed in my hands.

"All right; now go and hang up your hat."

"I'll do it," said he, starting for the tree.

"Mind now, I'm to hang it on the tree."

"Yes, yes; we understand," was the impatient reply, for my friend not only wished to win the wager, but to unfit that fat for further use.

But just imagine our surprise when the countryman took off his hat and hung it on the back side of the tree, out of sight.

"What are you doing?"

"Blaze away."

"But I can't see the hat."

"I don't care. I didn't say anything 'bout your seeing it. I agreed to hang it on the tree. Now fire away, and if you hit it the money is yours."

"Sold by—by a countryman?" exclaimed my friend turning away in disgust, when I handed over the lost wager.

It is needless to say that his acquaintances had many a good laugh at his expense after that.

New Method of Oil Painting.

The first thing to be done is to make a facsimile of the painting that is to be copied, in which the outline of each simple color is accurately reproduced. This copy is then transferred to a plate of zinc, which is cut up into as many pieces as the picture contains different colors, in such a way that each piece represents all the parts which in the original are of one color. Separate electrotypes are made from each piece, and from these the proper colors are printed in corresponding order upon prepared paper. (So far the process is similar to printing chromos.) At the end of this operation, when all the colors have been printed on the paper, the picture resembles an ordinary chromo-lithograph, and like that it is perfectly flat and smooth; the brush marks and roughness of surface noticed in oil paintings are wanting. In order to imitate this part, too, the original painting is covered with a solution of gelatine, in which are impressed with great accuracy the elevations and depressions of the painting. From this plaster copy of the surface another impression is taken in gutta percha, India-rubber, or other elastic substance, which will stretch so that it can be made larger or smaller, according as the copy is enlarged or reduced. This elastic impression is used for preparing a copper stereotype, with which a negative or depressed copy can be made in a suitable plate. This last plate, of course, will have depressions wherever the painting had elevations or raised spots, and these depressions are filled up with pigment of the same color as the raised portions of the original. The plate thus prepared is put in a press and the printed chromo laid on it, and then pressure and heat are applied to unite with those already on the paper. The picture is now finished all but varnishing. To carry out the resemblance to oil painting it is afterwards transferred from the prepared paper to canvas, wood, or metal.

The Ice Maiden.

A low, roguish laugh and a smart-lap on his broad, manly shoulder caused Edward Mortimer to start out of that reverie which had held him spellbound for the last ten minutes, but the look of annoyance upon his handsome features vanished immediately he recognized his friend, Gerald Fuller.

The two young men were standing upon the broad piazza of the fashionable Mrs. Dargen's country residence, grouped just in front of the long casement window which afforded a glimpse of the illuminated drawing-rooms within.

"What the deuce are you up to, old fellow?" exclaimed Fuller, "mooning?"

"Not exactly, unless that exquisite creature yonder is the Queen of Night."

Gerald Fuller followed the rapt gaze of his friend until his eyes rested upon the graceful figure of a rarely beautiful woman, with a face calm and white as if graven from marble, her midnight hair braided away from the low, classic brow, her statuesque figure robed in the clinging folds of a snow-white *surah*. Her ornaments were a profusion of splendid diamonds that gleamed and scintillated like hoar frost in the gaslight.

"Who is she?" repeated Edward Mortimer, when for some reason or other his friend did not answer.

Gerald shuddered as though an icy blast had crossed him, and at last said in a low tone:

"That is the famous ice maiden."

"She is well named, Mortimer said, moodily; 'she looks as cold as ice.'"

"And as impenetrable as marble," Gerald added. "I pity the poor wretch who falls in love with her. She'll freeze and then cast him."

"What is her name?"

"Constance Vaughan."

"Will you introduce me?"

"With pleasure. Only, Ted, dear boy, beware!"

"Never fear for me."

"All right, then, come on."

So they were presented to each other, Edward Mortimer and Constance Vaughan, and when he flushed beneath her fixed, penetrating gaze, she turned paler than ever, and the diamonds in her jet black hair and upon her snow-white throat glinted frostily.

They were both guests of Mrs. Dargen, and for a fortnight of that eventful summer had thrown the pair constantly into each other's society, though it did not require two weeks to awaken Edward Mortimer to the fact that he had fallen hopelessly, helplessly in love with the beautiful ice maiden. Yet his passionate love did not seem to thaw her icy reserve; to be sure she was agreeable and even amiable, but all she did and said was accompanied by that soulless smile which was only to be likened to the sheen of moonlight upon trackless snow so far, so pure, but so cold. Had she been bitterly disappointed, crossed in love, or had her heart never vibrated to the divine passion?

Desperate, wholly enslaved, Edward Mortimer sought hourly for an opportunity to make known his passion, but found none. At last the last day of his visit drew nigh and the situation seemed desperate. Twilight however, found them alone together in the airy music-room, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, Mortimer placed himself at the piano.

"Do you play, Mr. Mortimer?" she asked where she stood by an open window gazing languidly upon the enchanting landscape.

"A little," he replied; "but I sing; shall I sing for you?"

"If you please" with the same cold indifference.

As his fingers softly gave the prelude, Mortimer was conscious that Miss Vaughan had turned sharply and was looking at him, and while he sang the first verse he felt that she was gazing towards him with the silent step of a specter.

Ere the first stanza was completed her hand fell convulsively upon his arm.

"Hush, hush!" she gasped; "in mercy, not another line!"

Her whole countenance had blanched and she staggered backward and sank fainting upon a couch. Mortimer was at her side in an instant and would have taken her hands but she waved him away.

"Miss Vaughan—Constance!" he cried but she interrupted him.

"Hush! let me speak," she said with a violent effort; "I see it all now; I did not dream it before. You love me. Oh, had I known this I would have warned you that my heart is frozen into eternal death. I cannot love."

"But I may hope?" he pleaded.

"Not there is no hope for you or any man living. Listen: I loved once and gave myself in marriage to a man who was not free to marry. He had a wife, a poor outraged creature who sought us out and shot him dead at my feet; we were left the altar. This man I loved, and he wooed me with the song you have just sung. You know all now, and I command you to leave me. No, no! Do not hesitate. If you have pity for me go at once."

And he went away, shuddered and horrified.

When next Edward Mortimer saw Constance Vaughan, she was lying in the robes of a nun, far away in the chapel of a French convent—dead.

For the few brief months that she had been in holy orders, they had called her Sister Constance, never the "Ice Maiden."

Barely Escaping Death.

On the 23d of March, a fire-damp explosion occurred in the Laurel Run Slope, Cannelton of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, Pa.

The slope extends half a mile under the surface, and three men, William Ashford, James Williams, and William Scoville, were at work when the terrible shock started everybody in the neighborhood.

Fire followed the explosion, cutting off all means of escape of the miners, and it was thought they could not survive. The fire spread among the timbers in the slope about the lower chambers, and had to be fought with buckets of water passed from hand to hand. After six hours of unabated labor on the part of the comrades of the entombed miners, who by reason of the fierce heat and blinding smoke that filled the gangway leading to the burning timbers were forced to relieve each other at short intervals, the fire was put out, and shortly before midnight a search for the supposed victims was begun.

At the mouth of the slope five hundred or six hundred people

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SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—those sweet, swift years, like a leaf on the current, and with never a break in their rapid flow, we watch them as one by one they go into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread, Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the languorous breeze hid, That lift the willows long golden lid, And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down, As fond as a lover's dream; As pure as the dew on the sun-shine's throat, As sweet as the wood-bird's wailing note, So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we then pass, Down the dim lighted stair; We hear the sound of their steady tread, In steps of the centuries long since dead, As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years to come, Shall we trample them under our ruthless feet These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet, By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let No envious taunts be heard; Make life's fair pattern of rare design, And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine, But never an angry word!

A SEWING-GIRL.

"Now, girls, this won't do!" said Madame Molini, pouncing upon the six pale sewing-girls, like a wolf into a flock of lambs. "No, it will never do in the world! I don't pay you all exorbitant wages to sit with your heads folded like fine ladies. Miss Sedgewick, we are waiting for that lavender silk polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why do you not go on with those buttonholes? Miss Fox, you will be so good as to change your seat from the window to the middle of the room at once!"

"But, Madame I can't see there to lay on these fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss Fox.

"You mean you can't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-setters at the windows opposite?" retorted Madame Molini, whose true nomenclature was "Mullens," and who had been a milliner's apprentice, in the goodly city of Cork, before she set up on Sixth avenue as a French modiste.

Lucy Lisle caught up her work. "I stopped just a minute, Madame, with that bad stitch in my side," she said, and began to stitch away with eager haste.

"If you're sick," said Madame, severely, "you had better go home and send for the doctor. While you are here your time is mine, bought and paid for!"

While Miss Sedgewick, in self-defense, urged that she had not enough silk to trim the polonaise and was waiting for more.

"Not enough," shrilly repeated Madame—"not enough! I measured that trimming myself, and I know there is enough. You may just rip that off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically; and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages! What's that, Flora Fay—the mode-colored silk dress? Finished? And where are the two and a half yards which were left?"

"I folded them up with the dress, Madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed young girl recently from the country, who stood, in an unconsciously graceful attitude, before the fat and florid dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfasted the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening uncut silk, and whisked it away upon the shelf. "Two yards and a half isn't much, but it is better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened her innocent blue eyes wide.

"What is she going to do with it?" she asked Miss Fox, in a whisper, as Madame rustled off to scold the errand boy for putting too much coal on the gratefire.

"Don't you know little silly?" laughed Miss Fox. "It is what she cabbages!"

"Cabbages?" repeated Flora, in amazement. "I don't understand you."

"You will when you see the mode silk made up into a sleeveless basque for Madame," said the other, "trimmed with the gimpy that was left from Mrs. Aubrey's dinner-dress, and the pearl fringe from Mrs. Ossott's white damasse ball costume."

"But you don't mean," said the breathless Flora, "that Madame takes the silk that is left from the customers' dresses?"

"Goozle!" cried Miss Fox, "don't talk nonsense any longer. It is what every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception-room bell," shrilly called Madame. "Miss Fay, answer it at once!"

Harry Drake was standing in the room, all glistening with satin drapery, gilded mouldings and huge mirrors, when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the young sea-captain who boarded at the same quiet and inexpensive house where Flora was allowed a half bedroom at a reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Dodds' fondness for her.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "Do you work here? Upon my word, you seem to be in very comfortable quarters."

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gilding to fresco, Axminster

carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I sew in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas and no carpet on the floor."

"I've come for a dress," said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his subject, after the fashion of men in general—"my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and some of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fortescue—she's only my half-sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of surprise; "but she is going to marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode colored dress," said Flora with brightening eyes. "I helped to trim it myself. 'Yes, it's all ready.'"

And presently Madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white pasteboard box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high changes.

Miss Fortescue herself came the next day. She was a lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her rights, and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance in the reception room. "It is not made up in the dress. I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves, and it is not all here."

"You must be mistaken," said Miss Fox, with an aspect of polite impossibility. "The bias puffs and folds cut up the material shockingly, and—"

But at this moment, little Flora Fay who was packing some tulle capes and felus into a bandbox, at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored silk, Miss Fox," she interrupted—"don't you remember? on the shelf in the back room."

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip.

Madame Molini, with ominously darkened face, twitched the two yards and a half of silk off the shelf, folded it into a paper and handed it to Miss Fortescue, muttering something about a "mistake made by one of her young women," and the young lady departed, a little dubious as to whether or not the fashionable dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

She had hardly closed the door behind her, however, when Madame Molini turned upon poor Flora Fay, with a scarlet spot glowing in each cheek and lips closely compressed.

"Young woman," said she, "you are discharged!"

"Discharged!" echoed Flora. "For what?"

"I want no one in my service," said Madame, "who is too conscientious to fulfill my wishes. You have interned, without warrantably in the matter of that silk, and I repeat that you are no longer in my employment!"

So poor little Flora went crying home, with a vague comprehension that she had been discharged because she had spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table of the boarding-house.

"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think I have seen her of late."

"No, she's not ill," said the landlady. "That is to say, not exactly sick. But she will be if she don't look out. She's boarding herself, Captain Drake, on bread and crackers, and such like, poor dear! and wasting away like a little shadow, because she's lost her situation at that dressmaking place, and don't see her way clear to another. And she won't run into debt, she says, not even for a meal of victuals. Ah! the good woman added, "I can remember when she was the pet and darling of the old folks at home, before they lost their all, running about among the daisies and buttercups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Captain Drake.

And Mrs. Dodds, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the captain. "Just what I say myself," nodded the landlady.

And the next day, Miss Fortescue (who was Mrs. Awkright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," she said, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation—and oh, if you would come and stay with me, and help me with the sewing for my new house, I should esteem it such a favor! Would you please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

"Yes, quite," said Mrs. Awkright.

And, in the sunny atmosphere of the bride's pretty home, the young country-girl seemed to expand into a different creature. Captain Drake, the most devoted brother in the world, came there nearly every day; and little Flora, all unconscious of her own feelings, began to watch for his daily visit as a heliotrope blossom watches the sun.

Until at last, there was talk of another long voyage to Japan, and then Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I—I have been here long enough," she said. "If I go to the Exchange Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a new situation. And I need a change."

"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling that I should sail to Jeddah?"

"I always had a horror of the sea,"

whispered Flora, hanging down her pretty head. "But of course Captain Drake, you must do as you please."

"Yes, of course," he answered, absently, and when he was gone, Flora shed a few quiet tears over the table linen she was hemming for Mrs. Awkright.

"How bold and unmanly it is of me," she thought, "to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me? If he had cared one iota for me, would he not have said so then?"

But the next evening, at dusk Captain Drake sauntered in with that swinging gait of his, as if he were still treading the deck of an outward-bound vessel.

"Don't run away, Flora," said he, as the girl caught up her work, and prepared for a precipitate retreat.

"Did you want to speak to me?" she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Don't I always want to speak to you?" Sit down, Flora," said he, "and hear what I've been planning."

"Now it is coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at heart. He is going to be married, and he is coming to tell me so."

"I have decided to give up the sea-faring business," said Captain Drake.

"Have you?" muttered Flora, faintly. "I am so glad."

"And I've bought a farm in Connecticut," he went on—"the old Berkshire farm, Flora, where you were born and brought up. I'm going to be a farmer."

She looked up at him, the rose and lily following each other across her cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, "if I could only see the dear old place once more!"

"But I won't go there to live," said the captain determinedly, "unless you'll go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife! What do you think of it, little girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

And when Mrs. Awkright came in, the papers were all sealed, signed and delivered, the "partnership" was a foregone conclusion!

"I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake, to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, there's nothing in all the world that I haven't courage to undertake."

And when Mrs. Awkright took Flora's hand in hers, the girl whispered: "I think I am the happiest creature in all the wide world-to-night. Because, dear Mrs. Awkright, he loves me?"

London Names.

So far from Slough being a corruption of "slow," the place, as might have been expected, had a name long before a coach, or even a wagon, trundled through its rutty streets. As far back as 1443 the village was called "Lee Slove," and the bricks with which Eton College is built were made, according to authentic documents still extant, at "Slowe." Thus the local derivation of the name of this ancient hamlet, which, at the first blush, could have deceived no one, falls to the ground. Etymology, indeed, is a dangerous pastime for unpractised hands to play at. It sometimes leads to awkward consequences. At one time the railway authorities insisted on naming a station not far from Cambridge Oakington, though the country folks in the immediate vicinity knew the locality as Hockington. This, however, was deemed a Cockneyism until a sceptical, antiquary discovered that the name was derived from the family of Hocking, and that in reality the rustics were right and the railway wrong. Again, no belief has been stronger than that of a court of Ludgate Hill was named in honor of Pocohontas—"La Belle Sauvage." Unhappily, however, further research proves that the spot has no association with the beautiful daughter of Powhatan, "Empress of Virginia," but was the quondam site of the "Bell and Savag's" public house. If the world was to be dominated by scholars of the Slough type, Hampstead, instead of being a corruption of the Saxon "Hamstead," or home place, would be named from somebody who once lived there, and preferred pig's flesh to mutton. Again, Holborn is "Old Bourne" or "a Hackney has nothing to do with coaches playing for hire or tales twice told, but is a long-descended memory of Hakon, the Danish Jarl, who, following the ways of his race, 1,500 years ago appropriated the "ey," or island. Clapham looks, at first sight, to the etymologist well read in old chronicles easy to associate with one of the old lords of the soil, Osgod Clappa, the Dane, at whose daughter's marriage feast Hardicanute drank himself to death. But we are at once silenced when we find that in the Chertsey Register the place is named Clappenhams as far back as the reign of Alfred, and that by the time the Domesday Book was compiled the name had become transformed into Clapcham. Picaresquely in no way connected with pickles. But after settling this point, there is left us a wide choice among "peccadilloes," a word which Butler applies to the collar in the pilory; Picaresca Hall, a shop for the sale of "peccadillas," or turnovers, a once fashionable article of dress; or "peccadillas," a cake formerly hawked in the fields now covered with a province of houses.

The Russian Nihilists.

The trial of the two men concerned in General Sirenikoff's assassination terminated very quickly. The following facts are gathered from the evidence given:—The deceased was sitting on a seat in the boulevard quietly contemplating the sea, when his murderer approached and fired a revolver. The General was shot through the neck, the ball entering his brain. He expired in a few moments afterwards in the arms of some persons who had hastened to his assistance. After committing the crime the murderer jumped into a droschki which was waiting him on the boulevard. He was stopped, however, by a man called Korriga and was arrested, together with his accomplice, who acted as conchman. A citizen named Lalsine, a soldier named Nekrassov, and a Custom House clerk named Ignatovitch also played a part in the capture.

Lalsine and Nekrassov were wounded by the murderer in the struggle. The droschki had been hired by the two men for a day and a half. The horse had been bought for 25 roubles two days previously.

On searching the assassins three revolvers, three daggers, and several flasks of poison were found on them. One of them was stopping at the Hotel de la Crimea, where General Sirenikoff also stayed. The accused declared that the General's death had been resolved on because of his activity in prosecuting inquiries into crimes against the State. He was an obstacle to the successful propagation of revolutionary doctrines among the working classes of Odessa. The two captured criminals, who gave false names, were brought before the military tribunal at Odessa, and on the 21st of April were sentenced to be hanged. General Sirenikoff's funeral took place with great pomp on the 2d instant, at the Cathedral. The hearse was escorted by a large detachment of infantry and artillery, and was followed by thousands of spectators.

The execution of the murderers took place the next morning, after the sentence had been approved by General Gourko. At 7 o'clock on Monday morning the prisoners reached the place of execution, wearing on their breasts placards, on which was the inscription "State Criminal." The hangman, who had, as usual, been brought from his prison at Moscow, and had arrived during the night, according to custom, was dressed in the red shirt of the Russian mujiks, the wide trousers tucked into high boots. The scaffold, which was approached by five steps, was a rough platform resting on trestles. Two gibbets rose above it and two black posts. The local authorities were stationed in a circle around the scaffold. The arrival of the prisoners was heralded by the shrill sound of fife and the beating of drums. Each prisoner was attended by a priest. On ascending the steps, they were received by the hangman and bound to the posts. In three minutes the execution was over.

A Clever Chinaman.

Sim Changio, a Chinese laundryman in St. Louis, is something of a genius. He possesses a knowledge of painting, clock-making, engineering, engraving, fancy sewing, and is well up in the arts and sciences, including chemistry and other branches of learning. At present Changio is engaged in completing what he pleases to term the "World's Fair." This curiosity consists of a miniature Chinese house containing towers and verandas, and possessing other features peculiar to Mongolian architecture. The structure rests on a table. It is about four feet high and five feet long, and its rooms are all open on one side, in order that the spectator may see what is taking place within. Directly in front of the house is a yard in which two Chinamen are represented as playing a Mongolian game, and two others in the act of building a brick wall. On the steps two ladies are standing face to face, in the act of saluting each other. Three Chinese ladies sit on a veranda engaged in close conversation, while two men on the veranda directly over their heads are leaning forward and endeavoring to overthrow what they are saying. About the building butterflies, that look as natural as life, are seen with wings outstretched in the act of flying. This is what the observer finds on the exterior of the building, and he becomes more deeply interested when he inspects the contents of the apartments within. In one apartment he sees an army of soldiers mounted on horses, in another a solemn procession of priests, and in another a lot of wild animals, etc. When the clockwork that operates this vast establishment is wound up and started, the effect produced is decidedly striking. The butterflies tremble on invisible wires, and appear to be flying about in the air, the men at the brick wall work vigorously, the characters in front of the main entrance bow gracefully, with their hands clasped before them, Chinese fashion; the soldiers move around briskly, the animals run swiftly, and the women on the veranda over the main entrance vociferate wildly. In fact, everything connected with the establishment is natural and lifelike.

"How long did it take you, Mr. Changio, to make that concern?"

"Oh, it took me not longer than a month. I work very fast and can make such things very quick. The house, you see, is composed of wood. All the trimmings are of silk. Those pictures you see on the tablecloth hiding the legs of the table, I painted. They are all of silk. One represents a Chinese castle. The other two are landscape representations of mountains. There are in the building and yard in front of it just 150 figures, which move when the house is wound up."

Two Captains in one ship will surely sink her.

A Night With A Rat Catcher.

One of the most expert rat catchers in New York is a little man with a thoughtful face.

"I constantly think about 'em, sir," he says, "and I lose no opportunity for a findin' out their curious ways, which is quite remarkable, I do assure you, sir."

"Are there many in your line here?"

"There is many, sir, which has the audacity to call themselves rat catchers, which they ain't, notwithstanding. I should say there is as many as ten of 'em."

His hair is long and tangled; he has a scraggy moustache, and his hands are uncommonly large, with monstrous knuckles and long nails; they are scarred in many places. He is much under the average height, and as quick as a rat in his movements. He does everything with abrupt accuracy. When putting on his hat his hand moves with great rapidity. He walks leisurely to within two feet of a door, and then his hand flies out and the door opens like a flash. His speech is as slow as his movements are rapid, and the muscles of his face never seem to change. His ruling passion is his great pride in his calling.

"Which it looked up to on the other side," he says, "as it should be, bein' a perfection requirin' unusual abilities."

He invited the reporter to go with him on one of his expeditions against his enemy, the rat, and a few nights later they met at a stable in West Fourth street. The rat catcher wore a pair of light cloth slippers, heavy trousers, flannel shirt, and vest. He had a kit of tools with him, and at about 11 o'clock he went to work. First he went carefully around the edges of the floor, and learned every rat hole. There were a number, some at the edges of the partitions between the stalls, others at the washstand, and a number in the harness closet. The rats had ruined valuable harness. Many efforts had been made to exterminate them, but without success.

"I guess I'll get 'em out, sir. I just cleared 217 rats out of a private residence on Tenth avenue in three nights," he said.

He then took a number of little wire doors out of his bag. They were about four inches square. One of these was screwed over each rat hole at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the rat could easily raise it on coming out of the hole, but could not get back into the hole again after it had dropped in place. When every hole had been thus covered the rat catcher retired to the top of a shelf of a partition, and smoked, while the rat catcher turned down the lights and cleared the large floor of the stable of all the small objects that could be readily piled in the carriages or on the shelves.

"Are you sure the rats will come out?"

"Oh, yes, sir. They comes out every night. Some men professin' to call themselves professional rat catchers, they have a poison that will make rats come out of their hole an' die, but it can't be done. They claims, also, as how they can charm rats; more lies, I assure you. Phosphorus poison causes most horrid thirst, an' the rats comes out of their holes an' drinks, an' then goes back an' dies. Then there's a pretty how-to-do, an' whole flocks must come up at great expense."

He was using about a most stealthy manner, now trying one little gate and now another. A large bag of coarse material, with a string with which to close the opening, hung on a harness peg, and he had sprinkled a little powder down several of the holes, which was designed to make the rats thirsty and cause them to come out for water. He lighted a stub pipe and perched himself on the bottom of the step ladder with his chin in one hand, while he slowly opened and closed a pair of tongs, nearly two feet long, with flat blades.

Everything was quiet for a few minutes, and then there was a slight scratching at one of the little doors, and a monstrous rat, as fat as an alderman, slowly came out. The door dropped to behind him; he turned quickly, tried to get back, and ran squealing in agony.

"He's a good one," remarked the little man in a whisper, going out into the middle of the room, laying his pipe on the step and turning up the gas. "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll catch this one in my hands."

SATURDAY, May 27, 1882.

So far as we can learn all the aspirants for the Governorship in Alabama were soldiers in the Confederate army. So "honors are easy" on this head.

The Montgomery Advertiser mentions the gratifying fact that Hon. J. M. Renfro has about recovered from the severe hurt he received on the 20th of April.

The Democrats in Congress are flustering at this writing, over the Mackey-Dible contest. The Radicals, as usual, want to perpetrate a villainy, and the Democrats say they shall not do it. This is all right, if the Democrats will have the backbone to fight it out on that line if it takes them all summer. If they don't intend to fight to the bitter end, they had better have never begun. It looks fateful to see a man or party always jumping in for a fight and when the gauge of battle is accepted, backing down from the encounter. Oh, how we should like to see these Radicals whipped out on a flustering contest of this sort.

HON. J. L. CUNNINGHAM.—We have heretofore called attention to the candidacy of this gentleman for Secretary of State, but in view of the early meeting of our county convention, do not think it inappropriate to again do so. Mr. Cunningham is a self-made man. Since he has been to manhood's estate he has been frequently honored by the people with whom his lot was cast, and in no instance has he been unfaithful to his trust. This is the highest endorsement that he could bring to the Convention—a record of faithful service to the people who honor him. We think he will go into the Convention with the undivided support of this section of the State, and more than fair chances of success over the heads of other worthy and capable men who are aspiring to the position.

Alabama is an easy country to live in. If a man has money, profitable investment of it offers in a thousand ways. If he has no money, and will only rent a piece of land, he can mortgage his expected crop, not even as yet planted, as a basis of credit, and run his account with his merchant as well as the fellow who owns dollars. True, he will get one year ahead of himself and be greatly embarrassed to pay out of debt, but that makes little difference. The average man enjoys being in debt, and it is sweeter to have a credit with "my merchant" than to own shekels in the bank. And then, a man need not work more than about six months in the year. When he eats up one crop he can forthwith mortgage the next and loaf all winter on what he expects to plant in the spring. It will look like cruelty for the Legislature to break up such a lovely state of affairs as this, but nevertheless, we say to those who have got into the habit of eating up their crop before it is made, that the Legislature may repeal the crop lien law. In view of this possibility, it behooves every man who is farming under crop lien mortgage to strain every nerve this promising year to pay off indebtedness and have something left over for another year.

HON. J. M. RENFRO.—We have frequently been interrogated both by word and letter as to how Calhoun county will cast her vote for Treasurer in the coming State Convention. We, of course, do not feel free to speak for the whole body of the county, but should guess that the ten votes of Calhoun will go in solid for Renfro. And this will mean no disparagement of other men who aspire. Mr. Renfro was once a citizen of Calhoun, volunteered with the soldiers of the 19th Alabama Regiment from Calhoun, was repeatedly badly wounded in the discharge of his duty to his country, and won, both by his heroism and goodness of disposition, the hearts of those with whom he served. After the war he represented Calhoun acceptably in the Legislature. Removing to Lee county, he will have the support of the people of that county for the Treasurership. His popularity, wherever he lives, is proof of inherent good qualities in the man. His repeated election to the Legislature by the two separate constituencies and support for a higher office by the people of the last county of his residence is proof of the people's confidence in his integrity of character. The people are generally always instinctively right, and when popular approbation follows a man, it may be set down as a truth that he is a good man. To those of us who have known Mr. Renfro for years intimately, no argument is needed on this head. We know him to be a good man, and the Convention will make no mistake in nominating him. So far as we can learn, this section of the State is almost unanimous for him, and his chances for nomination are bright indeed.

SOME YEARS HENCE.

Some years hence, and the wealth and population of Alabama will be in that section of the State of which Calhoun county forms a part.

The iron, copper, lead, coal, gold, mica, slate, marble, and many other sources of wealth held in the bosom of mother earth, will be developed by capital, and with its development will come railroads, population, cities and all the adjuncts of progress and enterprise. The unbounded water power of this section will likewise induce the location of cotton factories here. Indeed, the work has already begun. The foundation, wonderful growth and permanent establishment of cities like Birmingham and Anniston will be the rule rather than the exception. The bill country of Ala-

bama, that has been regarded as the poor portion of the State and good for little else than to furnish white majorities to overcome the negro vote of the prairies, will be the richer section of the State and the patron of the agricultural belt—buying of it supplies to feed the teeming population of the mining and manufacturing districts. With population goes political power, and some years hence, the hill country will name the Governor of the State, the United States Senators and shape the laws and policy of Alabama. When that time comes she will be as generous as she was when the agricultural belt was under the heel of the negro and at the mercy of the men of the white counties. As with all agricultural counties, that section can never be a dense population, while, on the contrary, this section, with its vast manufacturing possibilities, will grow in population with increasing rapidity, until villages, towns, and cities dot the country as do farm houses now. This being so, political power will find its permanent home among the hills of Alabama. Then, why should any of our papers and politicians fret under a fear that the white counties will not be accorded full justice in the coming Democratic Convention? The people of the agricultural belt are not fools. They see the hand of Progress tracing a high destiny for the hill counties of Alabama. They understand the process that is surely and rapidly shifting political power from their section to this, and they will be too politic, if moved by no higher motive, than to attempt now a denial of justice to that section which will be the dominant section some years hence.

A Belated Criticism.

The following paragraph from the Florence News came out in the last week's issue, but apparently it has been lying around the office for weeks, awaiting an opportunity to be used in "filling up" by the foreman. It is such a curiosity that we produce it, even now so far out of season:

The attempt of the SELMA TIMES and a few other papers in the State to connect Gov. Cobb with the abuse of the convicts in the State is as contemptible as it is futile. The Governor is in no way responsible for any ill treatment that the convicts have received and these newspapers know this, but they want some hobby upon which to ride into notice and they are willing to do anything in this interest.

The News is months behind with its criticism of things. The discussion of the convict question and the financial management of the penitentiary has been over with for some time, and the conclusions reached by it have taken deep hold in the consciousness of every one who has kept up with the voices in the State press. If the News is not familiar with the gist of these conclusions, it is sadly behind the opinion of the day. The points made against the treatment of the convicts have been confirmed and burned vividly into the minds of the public by the facts brought out through the report of Drs. Cochran and Gaston and so strikingly summarized by the latter in his address at Mobile before the State Medical Association. The errors in the law of punishment of county convicts and the outrages perpetrated upon them have been exposed by numerous examples, and have been denounced finally by a decision of the State Supreme Court. These results are in great measure the outcome of the agitation made and continued constantly for a month or more by a few State papers. The results are so marked that there is not the slightest doubt entertained by any one of the next Legislature's attempt to remedy manifest defects in the theory and practice of punishing convicts in our State. This effectively answered the contemptible and futile charges in reference to the pith of the matter. Selma Times.

A Crow in the Loft.

Correspondence of the Constitution. POWDER SPRINGS, May 12.—Not far from this place in an old pine orchard is an old dilapidated school house, built and used by the colored people some years ago. Not long since a minister had an appointment to preach there on a Friday night. And an old crow who resided at a grove shop near by, who had learned to speak some English, had taken refuge in the old school house and perched himself on the joist near where the pastor stood, and seemed to feel at home as he was worshipping with persons of the same color. After singing and praying the congregation got mixed up in great confusion, when the old crow uttered in a distinct tone the words, "damn you," which was repeated two or three times in rapid succession. The preacher, notwithstanding he had preached from the text, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," made quick his escape through a small window and went through the old pine field at a break-neck pace, and without any further for the doors and windows in a stampede, and in the confusion old Uncle Buck, a crippled deacon, who was on his crutches, had been run over and left lying on his back away from his crutches and was unable to make his escape, when the crowd flew down on a bench near where the old and helpless rheumatic lay, and again uttered the ominous, "damn you." Whereupon the old man threw up his hands and exclaimed: "I didn't have anything to do with this meeting, and if you will let me alone this time, Mr. Devil, I'll never go to meeting any more, but will go to dancing and cussing just as soon as I get home, sho."

Let us serve God in the sunshine, while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve him better in the dark when He sends the darkness. It is sure to go. Only let our light be God's light and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great night-fall comes.

RUM AND RHETORIC.

A Saloonist's Powerful Logic.

Meister Shontlemons—I have been requested to express myself on der whiskey question.

As I am der boss mit a beer saloon, it was just right I stand op for der peezness. Uv a man vos got a saloon mit himself, I guess he vas knew some things about trinks—aint it?

I am aware dot lots of fellers dot wants to save money vas tryin to runs down der peezness; dere vas Jon B. Go-off, und Suse Antoy, und Barnum's circus, und plenty uv unner weller; but when I told you some dings, I guess you would say, "Bully fer Johnnie Sauerlich! his headish level."

Dere out to be a rum shop on every corner in every town, und den peezness would pe good. Der risky peezness helps emny town. No matter how dull peezness vas, beeples will spend der money for trinks. Dis vas broved efr day. All over town you can find working wans dot vos complaining about der pay, und beomin' dot dey would go on some strikes, because dey dot get some more wans, und yet dese same wans vill spend keefly cents efr day for risky trinks. Dere trinks dot der liquor peezness vas helpin' drude—aint it?

Und der vas many unners. Uv it vas not fer tinking, munny public buildings would not been build; dose brisons, und shails, und poor houses, und inebriate asylums, und such dings; und efr dese house vas not built uv course der megnies vould haf nodings to do—aint it?

Uv you don't got some rum shops in der town, you vout need no shails, und uv course you don't want no sherrif, und vat would der politicians done?

Uv der vas no rum der would peen no murders—no lites, no stabs, no lickin' yer vife—no nodings der der newspapers, und vat would der lawyers done?

Ahl mein friend, before you run down der saloons, you just tik uv all does dings. How many beeples would peen out uv work mitout liquor? Vy would need no bolts—be clarity ghew-mit-sioners—no superchuses—no communists, no nodings.

Uv you had no risky, vere would yer spend der efrings? Vy dey vould haf to stay at home, und it would lik munny uv them to be cast into der same society as der mudders und seesters. Der mudders could not tell dem de same sholly stories vot dey hear mit der saloon: dot vas embossible. Pesides, der saloon vas uv yuse to der family. Uv you hav a son, und you don't want him sittin round de house all der efrings, you cau just send him to der saloon, und he would verry verry you some more der night. In all dese vays a saloon helps a town ferry much—aint it?

Und uv Sunday mornins vat would der young shentlens do of der haf no blace to go to get der mustash befrused reddey for der Sandy school und der schurel? Noddings like visky fur dat—aint it?

Und id helps you socially. It penefits your family. It helps you sons to get oquainted mit beeples dot dey would not oderwise know mitout der saloon.

Dere vas nodings like pier for socialemess except visky. Visky vas a leddie ahead.

Dere vas a dime von two friends would meet und ocklange der compliments uv der day, und den part. But der saloon has done away mit dot cold vay uv acting. Now ven two friends meet und shake hands mit demselves uv dem vill say, "let's haf some dings," und dey vill talk into der saloon (der sh always vone handy) und von veller says, "Vot vill you take." Und der unner feller says, "I vill take der same." Und dey vut douches dose glasses together, und says, "Hebe der gey," und she does ge. Dan der unner feller vill say, "You must dake somedings mit me," und dey ge droo der same befrumance mit demselves once more. Dot vas sociability.

Uv you don't got some saloons how you gone to done dat, eh?

Uv you ask a man dot look somedings you don't want to treat him to a coat or a pair uv schure, or a loaf uv bread, or no such foolishness, do you?

Visky enables a man to purty his dreeghs. He vill forget all about his hart work—somedimes for more ash a hart work.

Mit town likes to haf rich men, und der vas no peezness in vich a man could get rich so soon as in der saloon peezness. Dere vas a ferry pig brofit in all kinds uv trinks. Yust look at some boor young feller vot vo. tending bar. He starts mit nodings, und in a few years he has got shirt mit vrills, und a diamond pin, und a gold watch mit a chain dot veigns den bounds, und wunish enugh to start a saloon uv his own.

Look at me! I started a beer saloon after I failed to get rich in der pugy peezness, und now I got no vory, only a tap of der new keggen der unner von dry, und rake in der stupus.

I am a friend to der working mans peezness dey are a friend to me, und help to support me. Yen der working man vas mit der peezness dey meet mit mein saloon, und trink pier und make speeches, und say, "Down mit der banks und der rich beeples," und ting like dot.

Somedimes I vos mad. It vos ven weimans und schildren come here to peg munnish to pay pier, und von I say "No," den dey say der husbands und vaders spend no der munnish here. Vot vos der ber peezness? All weimans trinks uv spending munnish on dress, und der old wans must vork, vork, und hav no enshoyment.

I stiek mit mein saloon. I haf a license, und der government vas picking me; und Marbury, nor der weimans' crusade, nor emny unner man can makes me schup. Dots der kind of feller I vas.

JOHNNIE SAUERLICH.

Senator Hill's Condition.

A Sad and Discouraging Report.

Washington Correspondence Augusta Chron. Senator Morgan occupies Mr. Hill's seat. He will probably continue to do so. It is said to think that the eloquent Georgian will never more appear in the Chamber to electrify the country. What you may learn of his condition before this reaches you, I do not know; but what I shall state about it is the exact truth and from the highest authority. On the 12th of May, Mr. Hill was confined to his bed and constantly under the influence of morphia. His sufferings are modified only by that drug. His face is partially decayed. The decay of the bone is attributed to excessive inflammation by one physician. Others ascribe it to the ravage of cancer. The latter opinion is no don't the correct one. Mr. Hill's utterance is so indistinct that even those most accustomed to him can with the utmost difficulty comprehend what he says. It was proposed that he use a slate, but this was so repugnant to him that he seldom could

be induced to to avail his self of it. The trouble of making himself understood is the only thing that frets him. When he was told of Gov. Washburn's approaching death Mr. Hill said: "I envy him!" Very little of the Eureka water is used by the Senator. He evidently believes that it has not now the power to heal him, if it ever had. Mrs. Thompson, by this time must have reached her father's bedside and may raise his spirits; as he is very proud and fond of her as she is of him. Next to his wife who nurses him' night and day, Senator Hill craved the presence and ministering of his daughter. The melancholy prospect is that there will be a rapid change for the worse, and that the mighty spirit of Benj. H. Hill will very soon leave its mortal tabernacle.

Of late years, I have had such intimate relations with him, and beheld so many of his triumphs in the Senate, that it is with inexpressible sorrow that I write of his sorrow and link his name with that of death. His first days were the most glorious, and he will always be remembered, not only as the most eloquent man ever known here since Henry Clay, but as a Senator of the first order, who was extinguished in the very zenith of his career. Not a few persons believe that he would be in his seat to day, and, though suffering, still full of power and usefulness, had he never submitted to what may be called surgical butchery. Great as Dr. Gross is, he may be said to have a hobby on the subject of the knife—a hobby not so completely shared by his professional brethren. I remember very well asking a surgeon who is, in my opinion, at least the equal of Dr. Gross what he thought of Mr. Hill's determination to submit to the mutilation of his tongue. The answer was: "The more the knife cuts the greater will be the ravage of the disease. It will do no good; but hasten the calamity." That was prophetic; it was not the wisdom that comes after the event.

But what had done seemed, to Mr. Hill himself, the best. If it was a mistake, no rectification is possible, now, short of the intervention of supernatural aid.

Kindness in return for unkindness is of itself a reproof.

Atlanta Constitution: W. W. Woodruff's first shipment of peaches from Georgia consisted of one crate of the Alexandrian variety of cling-stone peaches, a medium sized, good colored apple ripe and firm, in good condition for shipping. They were sent to New York. They were all picked from one tree.

"How DO YOU MANAGE," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and this keeps myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." See other column.

April 18.

Mary E. Williams. In January at by next friend. Jacksonville, Ala. Andrew J. Williams. May 23rd, 1882.

In this cause it is made to appear to the Register, by affidavit of complainant, Solicitor, John H. Caldwell, that the defendant, Andrew J. Williams, is over twenty-one years of age, and that he is a non-resident of the State of Alabama, and that he resides at, or near, Pryor's station P. O. State of Georgia; it is therefore ordered by the Register that publication be made to the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., for four consecutive weeks, requiring him, said defendant, to appear and plead to answer, or cause to be filed a bill of complaint in this cause by Monday, the 30th day of June next, or thirty days thereafter, after a decree, pro confesso, may be taken against him, the said Andrew J. Williams.

Done at office on this 23rd day of May, 1882. WM. M. HAMES, Register.

Attachment Notice.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Circuit Court, Jan. Term, A. D. 1882. JAMES C. GREENWAY & Co., Pliffs vs. JAMES E. DANIEL, Def.

In this case, it appearing that said defendant, James E. Daniel, is a non-resident of the State of Alabama, and that he resides in the city of Rome and State of Georgia; it is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in the town of Jacksonville in said county and State, for four consecutive weeks, as notice to said non-resident defendant, James E. Daniel, of the pendency of this suit; and that unless he appear at the next term of this court, to be held for said county on the first Monday in August, A. D. 1882, and make defence, such proceedings will be had in the premises as the merits of the case may require.

Witness my hand this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1882. P. D. ROSS, Clerk. C. C. C. A.

Lumber! Lumber!

The Steam Saw Mill of CAMP BROS., at Weavers Station, has recently been greatly improved, and orders will be promptly filled for

YELLOW PINE LUMBER.

Of all descriptions, as well as Laths, &c., Dry Lumber furnished when needed. Price moderate. Send in your orders. CAMP BROS. may6-82-6m Weavers Station, Ala.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Saml. D. Cochran-decd., having been granted the undersigned, by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, on the 7th day of April 1882, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate, will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or they will be barred. W. W. WHITESIDE, Adm. march4-3t

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WHOLESALE LIST TURNIP SEEDS!



MERCHANTS! SEND US YOUR BUSINESS CARD FOR TRADE LIST. D. LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

ICE, ICE, ICE.

Beer on Ice!

All kinds of Summer drinks served at the "City Bar" on short notice, by the undersigned, who has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of best

LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKEY

Direct from the Distillery, as well as

Apple, and Peach Brandies,

He would especially call the attention of all desiring a good drink to his celebrated

"Cabinet Whiskey,"

which is the best in the market. He has genuine imported Holland Gin and French Brandy, FOR THE SICK. Fresh Lemons always on hand. Also, pure sweet mash corn whiskey. His liquors are brought under bond and he knows them to be fine and pure. A general line of goods in liquors of all brands. Beer, Cider, &c., including Sacramento Wine. Also a large lot of fine Cigars and Tobacco and Snuff. Large lot of empty barrels in stock.

My Billiard Parlor

which is well ventilated and furnished with the best Billiard and Pool Tables, is the favorite resort of those who love the game. Respectfully,

JNO. RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala.

N. B.—Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or check may10-6m

CHEAP DRY GOODS

IS MY MOTTO!

I am opening my Spring Goods as rapidly as possible. The demand on my time has prevented me from bringing to the notice of the public before, my large and well assorted stock of the latest novelties in

DRESS GOODS,

SUCH AS

ILLUMINATED SUITINGS, NUNN'S VEILINGS, MOIRES, SATIN, D'LYON, SURAH, BLACK DAMESSIE AND SATIN MARVILLEAUX.

The attention of the ladies is particularly invited to our stock of

Hamburg, Swiss and Mull Edgings,

which certainly surpass anything ever brought to this market.

GLOVES, HOSIERY, HANDKERCH'FS, NECK WEAR AND BUTTONS

The handsomest line of plain and hand-painted FANS to be found in North Georgia.

Table Linens, Napkin and Towels

AT ANY PRICE. GINGHAMS, cheap and stylish. PARASOLS will be in

in a few days. Dark Calicoes @ 40.—Spring styles @ 50.—Best of colors 60c.

Special attention given to orders by mail. On all orders amounting to \$10 and over, expressage paid.

THOMAS FHAY,

58 Broad St., Rome Ga.

april15-1t

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. H.) News, says: "In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sprains, etc., it is the most effective remedy we know of. For wounds should be without a bottle of it for a single hour."

From the Cincinnati Dispatch: "After years of use I never have failed me. It is a good article."

From the St. Peter, U. S. Consul at Creffield, Rheinland Prussia: "After long years of use, I am satisfied it is positively efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains."

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest are its best friends.

Its success is entirely because of its merit. Every family should have a bottle ready for use. Such pain and heavy doctors' bills may often be saved by prompt application of the PAIN KILLER. Unlike most medicines, it is perfectly safe even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

July 30, 188-11-2.

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Correspondents of

Real Estate Banking

—AND—

LOAN ASSOCIATION OF ALABAMA.

WILL UNDERTAKE TO NEGOTIATE LOANS AS FOLLOWS:

On producing farm lands, for from three to five years.

On producing farm lands, for three to five years, payable in annual installments.

On crop lien, personal and real security, for one year or less, with agreement to ship cotton to Selma. Applicants may apply for loans on producing farm lands for a term of years, either with or without the condition to ship cotton. Loans made for \$300 and upwards.

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Jacksonville Ala.

Tax Sales.

Notice is hereby given that the following lands and lots were decreed by the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Ala., on the 10th day of April, 1882, it being the second Monday and a regular term of said Court, to be sold for the taxes and costs due thereon for the year 1881; and said lots and lands will be sold on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1882, before the Court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., to satisfy said taxes and costs.

Owner unknown, Precinct No. 2.—N E 1/4 of S E 1/4, and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4, Section 19, Township 14, Range 7.—Tax from 1871 to 1881. \$7.60 Costs, .936

Alex. O. Stewart, Precinct No. 3.—100 acres, more or less, in section 26, T. 14, R. 8, and the mills, gin and machinery thereon, known as the Stevenson old mills. Tax for 1880 & 1881, \$81.22-5 Costs, .935-5

Owner unknown, Precinct No. 5.—S W 1/4 of N W 1/4, and S E 1/4 of S W 1/4, Sec. 1, T. 15, R. 6.—Tax for 1881 \$1.45 Costs, .936

Owner unknown, Precinct No. 8.—S E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Sec. 12, T. 13, Range 8 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz, Samuel G. Holder, George Council, Jefferson Holder, William H. Doss, all of Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Ala.

By virtue of two f. f. in my hands, issued by the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Ala., and to me directed, one in favor of Mrs. C. J. J. and one in favor of D. P. G. I have this day, for the want of personal property, levied upon the following real estate, and will sell the same at public outcry, to the highest bidder before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, within the legal hours of April 25th, 1882, to wit: A two-thirds interest in the S. E. quarter of section 25, township 16, range 8, and two-thirds interest in the North West quarter of Sec. 36, Town 16, Range 8, as the property of D. E. Hawkins, deceased, S. H. Bean, administrator. J. B. FARMER, Shff. april29-6t—Prs. fee \$7.

NOTICE NO. 1576. Land Office, MONTGOMERY, ALA. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Hon. A. Woods, Judge of Probate at Jacksonville, Alabama, on June 12th, 1882, viz: Green E. Holder, Homestead No. 7469 for the S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Sec. 12, T. 13, Range 8 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz, Samuel G. Holder, George Council, Jefferson Holder, William H. D

Quite a large party went to the Sulphur springs Wednesday on a picnic excursion.

Mr. Yarrington, of the Montgomery Advertiser, was in Jacksonville Sunday and Monday. He will spend sometime in Jacksonville this summer we learn.

Mr. J. M. Caldwell left Monday for the State Sunday School Convention at Opelika, as a delegate from the Calhoun County Sunday School Convention.

Smith, the man who shot his father-in-law, Latham, at Amston, some time ago, and who was committed to jail in jail, and who was given bail of \$1,000, has been recovered from his wound, we learn.

Mr. Henry Montgomery has on exhibition at his drug store a specimen of new wheat from the farm of J. W. Williams, on Olathe. It is the best we have seen and will make twenty five bushels to the acre.

The proceedings of the late County Sunday School Convention have not been handed into this office and hence do not appear.

All the boats in the county did not hold meetings to select delegates to the county Convention. This we think because the people who are coming to the convention do not do other work of importance than the selection of delegates to the State and Congressional Convention. If a nominating convention is held at all for the choice of a standard-bearer for Representative, it will be by a Convention called by the one that meets in the Court house to day. (Saturday.)

Whitehead.

The following telegram of the 22nd inst. was received by Mayor Bailey of Rome, Ga. from Hon. J. C. Clements:

"A shipment of shad for the Coosa will reach Rome about eleven o'clock to-day."

The Rome Bulletin of the 23rd says: It is needless to say this was gratifying news to all who heard of it. According to the dispatch, they arrived yesterday morning under the management of Messrs. H. B. Quinn, P. I. Donnelly, W. D. Wirt and William Wright. From these gentlemen we learn there are one million, two hundred thousand of these fish. They are only four days old, very minute, not being larger than a small pin. It is necessary to deposit them in the stream designated before they are more than four days old; the earlier the better. After remaining in the place of deposit about three months, and being a salt water fish, they go to the salt water and remain until they are fully developed, which will take about three years. After this has been done, they return annually to spawn, and are caught as they come up and go down the stream.

According to instructions one half was deposited in the Etowah river and the other in the Oostanaula.

If the experiment succeeds the Coosa will soon be stocked with this delicious fish.

Beat Meeting.

Pursuant to a call of the Chairman of the county Executive Committee of the Democratic party, the citizens of Beat No. 1 met in the court house, Saturday, the 23rd inst. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Stevenson, Chairman of the Beat Committee, and John H. Caldwell, Jr. was elected permanent Chairman, and L. W. Woodward, a committee of five was appointed to recommend to the Convention the names of delegates from the Beat to the County Convention. The Chairman appointed on the committee, W. Woodward, P. D. Ross, W. M. Humes, H. L. Stevenson, and J. C. Francis. The committee retired and recommended for delegates the following named gentlemen: G. O. Ellis, J. H. Caldwell, J. D. Arnold, J. Skelton, J. C. Francis and J. M. Crook, who were duly elected by the Convention.

On motion of Wm. M. Humes the Convention went into the election of a Beat Committee for the ensuing two years, with the following result: H. L. Stevenson, Chairman, Jno. M. Caldwell, H. L. Arnold, W. Woodward, committee.

J. H. CALDWELL, Ch. n. L. W. GRANT, Sec'y.

Colvin's Gap.

Mr. Editor: Sir, it has been some time since I have seen anything in the Republican about Calvin's Gap beat.

I will tell you something of the times here. The health of the settlement is tolerably good so far as I know, and everybody quiet and trying to attend to their own affairs. Times are hard, though we must not complain. The farmers are all moving on with their corn yet to plant in this part of the county. Everybody is doing as usual, and I hear a good deal of complaint of the coming up well. The weather has been cool, but trying to grow. Wheat is in the heat, I guess, will be pretty plump of rice on some farms. Out is coming tolerably well. That is some comfort to the poor farmer. The press-

cut high price of corn will make the farmer do almost any way to keep from buying. We are all striving to raise more corn in this section than in the past. If I keep my health and strength and am blessed with rain this year, I think I will not be a corn buyer another year. It is a suicidal policy and will lead to poverty in the end.

Well, Mr. Editor, I will talk about something else. We have had a school going on for some time past in the settlement, but it has closed until 1st of July. Mr. P. White has had a good school, and has given general satisfaction so far as I know. I think him to be a nice gentleman and a successful educator. We have singing at Webster Chapel every 4th Sunday and preaching once a month.

We have a little sport out here sometimes fishing, but the result generally is fisherman's luck.

Russie.

CROSS PLAINS LOCALS.

The Concert and Dramatic Entertainment by the young ladies and gentlemen of this place on the night of the 19th, was a grand success and was well attended. Every one did well. The dramas selected for the occasion were very amusing and interesting and were well rendered. Indeed we have those among us who could make a flattering reputation on the stage, if they chose.

The instrumental music by Misses Dunn and Wood was very fine and greatly enjoyed by the audience. The solos by Miss Caller, brought out her clear sweet voice in all its beauty and richness, captivating every one. The recitations of Shamus O'Brien and Little Mable by Miss Dunn were faultless and were listened to in breathless silence by the audience. Miss Dunn certainly possesses eloquence and dramatic talent of a very high order.

Messrs. Clark, Craig and Lewis have sold their stock of family groceries to Mr. D. L. Wolf, who will continue business at their old stand.

Capt. J. N. Hood is repairing and improving his dwelling on Centre Street.

Mr. R. P. Morgan's mills will be a great convenience to the people trading with us, farmers particularly, as they can bring along their wheat and corn, when they come to town, and have it milled to flour and meal while they are doing their trading.

There are whisperings in the air of another church building; this time by our Catholic friends. We hope the ball will be kept rolling until every denomination shall have a church edifice in our town.

The following named gentlemen were selected to represent our Beat in the County Convention on the 27th inst. Prof. J. H. Stark, G. W. Allison, D. L. Wolf and Jas. S. Sharpe.

OCCASIONAL.

A Revolt.

New York politicians are excited over a proclamation from the Chicago Tribune the most influential Republican journal in the Northwest, in which an editorial declaration is made that the Western Republicans "do not intend to stand quietly by and see Gen. Arthur pave the way to a second term." Continuing the Tribune says, "The American people are not apt to forget by that time the political events which preceded and led up to the assassination of President Garfield and they are not disposed to award with the highest political preference the very men who were responsible for all the sectional dissension and rancor that bore down upon Garfield. Mr. Arthur may have sufficient power in New York politics to prevent Gov. Cornell from securing a nomination. He may be able to prevent any Garfield man from being a candidate. But after all this still have been accomplished by any subsequent effort to manipulate the national convention and to convince the representatives of the Republican party throughout the country that a politician of his calibre and methods is essential to Republican success in 1884." This is beginning the Presidential campaign pretty early, and with this shot from the West it is beginning that certainly does not augur well for the unity of the Republican party.

The Price of a Peach.

The early peach takes the gold mined cake. We learn that a crate of early peaches sent North from Florida, were sold at the fabulous price of 75 cents a peach. The variety was a Peen-to, a Chinese peach introduced by Mr. J. P. Beckman all the way from China and Australia. Mr. Beckman showed us ripe peaches from a tree of the Peen-to on the 12th of May inst., the earliest peach ever ripened in this section. The tree has to be protected from the frost in this latitude, as it blossoms in December. The variety is exactly suited for Florida, however, and Mr. Beckman has been shipping the peaches to the Land of Flowers, with what success is attested by the peaches selling in New York for 75 cents apiece.—Augusta Evening News.

THE COUNTY CONVENTION.

Read What Follows.

Rowan, Dean & Co are now receiving one of the largest and most complete assortments of Dry Goods ever brought to this country, from the closing out sale of that house of world wide fame. A. T. Stewart & Co. in N. Y., whereby they are enabled to offer a most excellent and superior article of goods of every line, at extraordinary low figures for cash. Advantages of the enormous stock closing out sale of the most magnificent assortment of goods ever brought to North Alabama. Our wholesale department offers special advantages to merchants.

ROWAN, DEAN & CO.

may6-1f.

The height of meanness is to extol in this success.

OXFORD FLASHES.

Rev. J. C. Wright was an interesting and highly instructive lecture on the work of the Southern Baptist Convention at the Baptist Church on Sunday night last. Mrs. Fannie Whitehead and Mr. Walter Payne were baptised at the conclusion of the service.

The examination exercise of Oxford College commenced on the 12th Prox. As usual a large number of visitors are expected.

Mrs. D. Hinds leaves in a few days for a visit of several weeks to her daughter in South Carolina.

The annual election of officers of the Masonic lodge at this place comes off to day, the 27th inst. We will report the result in our next.

Tuesday the 30th inst. has been set by the Ladies Aid Society of the several churches, for the cleaning off and putting in order our Cemetery. All people who have or expect to have any interment in the Silent City on the hill are earnestly solicited to be present, whatever implements they may be able to bring, to cooperate in the laudable work.

Rev. Mr. Hays and Mrs. Benton died and were interred in the cemetery at this place last week.

We do not recall any time in the past when politics produced as little concern or dissension in the place as the present. The people are extremely apathetic and apparently perfectly indifferent on the subject. They are in want of some stimulating issues to warm them into zeal.

PELOUSOPHER.

FLOWERY YARD LOCALS.

Rev. V. O. Hawkins preached an able and interesting sermon at Union last Sunday.

On last Monday this neighborhood was visited by a nice, gentle rain. The ground being so dry more would not have been objectionable.

The spring chickens and crops are all alike, rather late.

Crops never was in better condition as they are at present. Squares appeared on some of our cotton last week. Who can beat it?

The boys around Alexandria have the blues—Sweat it all gone.

Yours, BILL AHP. JR.

Ben Hill Rich Better.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK. May 24.

The health of Senator Hill, of Georgia, who has been here several weeks, is much improved, and physicians say there is a strong hope of cure, or at least that his life will be greatly prolonged.

The New York Tribune says: "The South, too, is not all malignant swaggers nor good humored indulgence as we are apt to believe; there is a large, solid substratum of quiet, industrious men, who are ready and anxious to lift their towns and States into substantial prosperity as soon as the way how to do it is made clear to them. A rapid glance over the local Southern papers will show these men are turning their capital and energies from farming to small trades and manufactures, and almost every instance with marked success. Wagons, furniture, glass, shoes axes and a hundred other necessities of life for which the South used to be wholly dependent on New England she is now with commendable prudence trying to make for herself."

"My wife won't even hear of my going to the theatre with another lady," said Johnson. Ragbag didn't seem to construe Johnson's remark aright, for he said: "Won't she? Don't be so sure of it, I thought mine wouldn't, but she did, and I had a fearful time about it."

Geo. I. Seney's explanation is as honorable as his deed. He said: "If any one asks you why I give so much money to Wesleyan Female College, tell them that it was to honor my mother, to whom I owe a debt, I owe more than to all the world beside."

"I admire the southern women. There are possibilities in the Southern woman not equalled anywhere else on earth."

SANDS OF GOLD.

Neither worth nor wisdom comes without an effort.

Little things console us, because little things afflict us.

Out of love to yourself, you ought to pray for your enemies.

You shall forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

He who is slowest in making a promise is generally the most faithful in the performance of it.

Live by the day; you will have daily trials, and strength according. Leave tomorrow to the Lord.

If you should have just what you really deserve—no more, no less—would you be happy as you are now?

Never-swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions; decide because you see reason for decision, and then act because you have decided.

We all have weak points, and we cannot too carefully guard them for with the utmost precaution, so wily is the Enemy that he is likely to overcome.

AMENDED ORDINANCE No. 15.

Town of Jacksonville, Ala.

Be it Obtained: That if any person shall willfully ride, lead or drive his or her horse, mule or ox on any sidewalk or pavement used as a side-walk, or shall drive his or her horse, mule or ox on the sidewalk or pavement of the town of Jacksonville, Alabama, or shall hitch their horse, mule or ox to any shade tree or trees within the incorporated limits of said town of Jacksonville, Alabama, shall be fined not less than three, nor more than five dollars.

JOHN M. CROOK, Mayor.

may 8th, 1882.

We should have all our communications with men as in the presence of God; and with God as in the presence of men.

Be up and doing. "Life is real, life is earnest." Negligence now may place the invaluable prize of immortality beyond your reach forever, no matter how much you might desire of strive hereafter to attain it.

To promote a vigorous growth of the hair, use Parker's Hair-Balm. It restores the youthful color of gray hair, removes dandruff, and cures itching of the scalp.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of one fi. fa. in my hands, issued by the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, Ala., and to me directed, in favor of J. R. Graham vs. S. P. Shurbit, I have this day levied upon the following real estate, and will sell the same at public outcry, at the highest bid for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., within the legal hours of sale, on Monday the 3rd day of July, 1882, to-wit: Twenty three acres of fractions D. C. & C. Section 4, township 13, range 9, part of N. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, section 5, township 13, range 9, and twenty acres in the N. E. 1/4 of the S. W. 1/4 of section 4, township 13, range 9, as the property of said S. P. Shurbit.

J. B. FARMER, Sheriff.

may 27-6f—Adv. \$77.

Notice to Stockholders.

A meeting of the Jacksonville Mining Company is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Jacksonville, Alabama, on Monday the 29th day of May 1882, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of electing officers, and for the transaction of some other important business of interest to the company. All of the Stockholders are requested to attend promptly at this meeting. This May 13, 1882.

G. C. ELLIS, A. W. GRANT, J. W. GRANT, Directors.

I. L. SWAN, Secy.

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Forms the quickest and most comfortable route to

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The principal inducements are

SPLENDID SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.

The only line passing through the magnificent scenery of East Tennessee and Virginia. Through cars run from Selma to Bristol without change. For information address:

JAS. R. OGDEN, G. P. A., Knoxville. RAY KIGHT, A. G. P. A., Selma.

SELEMA DIVISION.

Going North.

Going South.

ALABAMA CENTRAL DIVISION.

Westward.

Eastward.

Mail Train North connects with Rome R. R. for Atlanta and Dalton, and with A. & R. R. for Chattanooga, and points North; at Bristol with N. W. road for all Eastern cities. Accommodation train leaves Selma at 3:00 p. m., connecting with L. & N. at Calhoun for all Western cities, arrives at Selma 9:30 a. m. Mail train South connects at Calhoun with L. & N. for Montgomery, and at Meridian with N. O. and W. R. roads for Mobile, New Orleans and Vicksburg.

J. M. PAY KIGHT, Sept. 29, 1882.

Gen. Ticket and Passenger Ag't Selma, Ala.

LAND FOR SALE.

Thirteen and one third acres of good arable land can be bought on reasonable terms, and a clear title given, by applying to

C. W. BREWTON.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

April 27, 1882.

CALHOUN COLLEGE, Male and Female.

The next term will begin Monday, January 9, 1882, and will continue six scholastic months.

W. J. BORDEN, Prof. Mathematics, Natural and Moral Science, &c.

G. B. RUSSELL, Prof. Eng., Latin and Greek Languages, Literature, &c.

Mrs. IDA WOODWARD, Instructress in the Primary Department.

Miss WILLIE BORDEN, Instructress on Piano and Organ.

Tuition—including all incidental expenses—\$1.25. \$2.25, \$3.25 and \$5.25 per month. Music, Instrumental, \$5.00 per month, payable in advance. Local pupils can pay monthly.

Good Board can be had at reasonable prices.

The course of instruction in this Institution is thorough and practical. The regulations formed for the mental and moral improvement of the pupils are mild and parental, and will be rigidly enforced.

For further particulars address either, Jacksonville, Ala.

W. J. BORDEN, G. B. RUSSELL, Associate Principals.

deed 7-1f

SCHOOL.

WEAVER ACADEMY, MALE AND FEMALE.

First term of six months will begin January the 9th 1882, and close June the 23rd.

Second term of four months will begin August the 25th 1882 and close December the 15th.

GRADES.

Primary \$1.50 per month

Intermediate 2 25 "

High School 3 00 "

Board in good families at reasonable rates. For further particulars address WATSON R. O'S, Weaver's Station, Ala.

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May 1st, 1880.

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Family Groceries and Dry Goods.

NEW FIRM, NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES.

Cash Store at Weavers.

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at Weavers, and are prepared to supply their wants. We keep flour, meal, meat sugar, coffee, tobacco, tin-ware, canned goods, powder, shot, soap and everything wanted in the grocery line. Also, domestic, prints, notions, &c. We will make it to your interest to call and see us.

We sell for Cash & at close figures.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

april 8-3m.

Use Lawrence & Martin's

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ROCK & RYE.

For COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, PNEUMONIA, CONSUMPTION, Diseases of THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.

It has always been one of the most important weapons wielded by the MEDICAL FACULTY against the encroachments of COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, CONSUMPTION in its incipient and advanced stages, and all diseases of THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS, but it has never been so advantageously compounded as in the TOLU, ROCK AND RYE. Its soothing balsamic properties afford a diffusive stimulant and tonic to build up the system after the cough has been relieved. Quart size bottles, Price \$1.00.

CAUTION! Do not be deceived by dealers who try to palm off Rock and Rye BALSAM in place of our TOLU, ROCK AND RYE, which is the ONLY MEDICATED article the genuine has a Private Die Proprietary Stamp on each bottle, which permits it to be sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

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Have received and are still receiving the largest and best selected stock of Groceries they have ever brought to this market. Not deterred by the clamor of hard times next year, they have amply provided for the wants of the public, and will sell to suit the purses of their customers. In all

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

They can confidently defy competition, where cash is paid. They bought on the recent failure of corners in Groceries of all kinds, and consequently caught the bottom of the market. Seeing is believing.

Bring the Cash

and test their prices, and see for yourself.

Bagging, Ties, Farming Utensils

Wooden Ware, and hundreds of other things in stock. Don't buy until you examine our stock of

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Do not be deceived, but come to the "only Hotel," where you will find the best of cooks and servants, the best fare, our country and money can afford. Rooms newly fitted up and renovated. We will guarantee satisfaction. Our house will be first class in every respect. Sample room free. Give us a trial.

ROBT. ADAMS, Proprietor.

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Just opening out an immense stock of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, China and Glass Vases, Mosaic Cup, Saucers and Mugs, Fancy Glass Inkstands, Stationery, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Bibles, and standard works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames, Tin, China and Rubber Toys in great variety, Wax Dolls, Glasses, Silver-plated Ware, suitable for wedding and holiday presents, Gold Pens, Port Monies, and a thousand novelties.

Pianos & Organs, of the best make, at wholesale prices. Orders by mail solicited. Prices cheerfully given.

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JAMES HUTCHINSON, Barber & Hair-dresser.

Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat, fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, 3rd. 20, 1878

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the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex is unsurpassed.

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DIETETIC PILLS is prepared at 221 South W. Water
 Street, Boston, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. No
 return of price, \$1, also in the form of half
 dollar pills, \$1 per box for either. Send
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 your address as above. Enclose this paper.

These pills should be without LITHIA
 and POTASSIUM. They cure constipation,
 biliousness, and all the ailments of the
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Blatchley Pumps are fast and
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Asthma Cure never fails. It cures
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 Ten dollar premium offered
 to the
 22, 37, 47, 57, 67, 77, 87, 97, 107, 117, 127, 137, 147, 157, 167, 177, 187, 197, 207, 217, 227, 237, 247, 257, 267, 277, 287, 297, 307, 317, 327, 337, 347, 357, 367, 377, 387, 397, 407, 417, 427, 437, 447, 457, 467, 477, 487, 497, 507, 517, 527, 537, 547, 557, 567, 577, 587, 597, 607, 617, 627, 637, 647, 657, 667, 677, 687, 697, 707, 717, 727, 737, 747, 757, 767, 777, 787, 797, 807, 817, 827, 837, 847, 857, 867, 877, 887, 897, 907, 917, 927, 937, 947, 957, 967, 977, 987, 997, 1007, 1017, 1027, 1037, 1047, 1057, 1067, 1077, 1087, 1097, 1107, 1117, 1127, 1137, 1147, 1157, 1167, 1177, 1187, 1197, 1207, 1217, 1227, 1237, 1247, 1257, 1267, 1277, 1287, 1297, 1307, 1317, 1327, 1337, 1347, 1357, 1367, 1377, 1387, 1397, 1407, 1417, 1427, 1437, 1447, 1457, 1467, 1477, 1487, 1497, 1507, 1517, 1527, 1537, 1547, 1557, 1567, 1577, 1587, 1597, 1607, 1617, 1627, 1637, 1647, 1657, 1667, 1677, 1687, 1697, 1707, 1717, 1727, 1737, 1747, 1757, 1767, 1777, 1787, 1797, 1807, 1817, 1827, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1877, 1887, 1897, 1907, 1917, 1927, 1937, 1947, 1957, 1967, 1977, 1987, 1997, 2007, 2017, 2027, 2037, 2047, 2057, 2067, 2077, 2087, 2097, 2107, 2117, 2127, 2137, 2147, 2157, 2167, 2177, 2187, 2197, 2207, 2217, 2227, 2237, 2247, 2257, 2267, 2277, 2287, 2297, 2307, 2317, 2327, 2337, 2347, 2357, 2367, 2377, 2387, 2397, 2407, 2417, 2427, 2437, 2447, 2457, 2467, 2477, 2487, 2497, 2507, 2517, 2527, 2537, 2547, 2557, 2567, 2577, 2587, 2597, 2607, 2617, 2627, 2637, 2647, 2657, 2667, 2677, 2687, 2697, 2707, 2717, 2727, 2737, 2747, 2757, 2767, 2777, 2787, 2797, 2807, 2817, 2827, 2837, 2847, 2857, 2867, 2877, 2887, 2897, 2907, 2917, 2927, 2937, 2947, 2957, 2967, 2977, 2987, 2997, 3007, 3017, 3027, 3037, 3047, 3057, 3067, 3077, 3087, 3097, 3107, 3117, 3127, 3137, 3147, 3157, 3167, 3177, 3187, 3197, 3207, 3217, 3227, 3237, 3247, 3257, 3267, 3277, 3287, 3297, 3307, 3317, 3327, 3337, 3347, 3357, 3367, 3377, 3387, 3397, 3407, 3417, 3427, 3437, 3447, 3457, 3467, 3477, 3487, 3497, 3507, 3517, 3527, 3537, 3547, 3557, 3567, 3577, 3587, 3597, 3607, 3617, 3627, 3637, 3647, 3657, 3667, 3677, 3687, 3697, 3707, 3717, 3727, 3737, 3747, 3757, 3767, 3777, 3787, 3797, 3807, 3817, 3827, 3837, 3847, 3857, 3867, 3877, 3887, 3897, 3907, 3917, 3927, 3937, 3947, 3957, 3967, 3977, 3987, 3997, 4007, 4017, 4027, 4037, 4047, 4057, 4067, 4077, 4087, 4097, 4107, 4117, 4127, 4137, 4147, 4157, 4167, 4177, 4187, 4197, 4207, 4217, 4227, 4237, 4247, 4257, 4267, 4277, 4287, 4297, 4307, 4317, 4327, 4337, 4347, 4357, 4367, 4377, 4387, 4397, 4407, 4417, 4427, 4437, 4447, 4457, 4467, 4477, 4487, 4497, 4507, 4517, 4527, 4537, 4547, 4557, 4567, 4577, 4587, 4597, 4607, 4617, 4627, 4637, 4647, 4657, 4667, 4677, 4687, 4697, 4707, 4717, 4727, 4737, 4747, 4757, 4767, 4777, 4787, 4797, 4807, 4817, 4827, 4837, 4847, 4857, 4867, 4877, 4887, 4897, 4907, 4917, 4927, 4937, 4947, 4957, 4967, 4977, 4987, 4997, 5007, 5017, 5027, 5037, 5047, 5057, 5067, 5077, 5087, 5097, 5107, 5117, 5127, 5137, 5147, 5157, 5167, 5177, 5187, 5197, 5207, 5217, 5227, 5237, 5247, 5257, 5267, 5277, 5287, 5297, 5307, 5317, 5327, 5337, 5347, 5357, 5367, 5377, 5387, 5397, 5407, 5417, 5427, 5437, 5447, 5457, 5467, 5477, 5487, 5497, 5507, 5517, 5527, 5537, 5547, 5557, 5567, 5577, 5587, 5597, 5607, 5617, 5627, 5637, 5647, 5657, 5667, 5677, 5687, 5697, 5707, 5717, 5727, 5737, 5747, 5757, 5767, 5777, 5787, 5797, 5807, 5817, 5827, 5837, 5847, 5857, 5867, 5877, 5887, 5897, 5907, 5917, 5927, 5937, 5947, 5957, 5967, 5977, 5987, 5997, 6007, 6017, 6027, 6037, 6047, 6057, 6067, 6077, 6087, 6097, 6107, 6117, 6127, 6137, 6147, 6157, 6167, 6177, 6187, 6197, 6207, 6217, 6227, 6237, 6247, 6257, 6267, 6277, 6287, 6297, 6307, 6317, 6327, 6337, 6347, 6357, 6367, 6377, 6387, 6397, 6407, 6417, 6427, 6437, 6447, 6457, 6467, 6477, 6487, 6497, 6507, 6517, 6527, 6537, 6547, 6557, 6567, 6577, 6587, 6597, 6607, 6617, 6627, 6637, 6647, 6657, 6667, 6677, 6687, 6697, 6707, 671

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